

PAITH.
Tallest arms my neck entwined,
Sweetest lips pressed to my cheek,
A voice that is musical, and low,
Whispering, "Mother, I love you."
"What makes you love me?"—tell me true,
Beautiful one with eyes of blue,
Cheeks that are rosy with love's glow,
Sally she answered, "You love me."
"How do I know, my little girl,
That it mother loves her bright-eyed child?"
"You said 'for me' the child replies,
With a wonderful look in its deep eyes."
Tenderest truth! Ah! loving faith!
Carry these words through the vale of death,
God says he loves: why should I doubt,
But his arms will compass us round about!

Excitement in a Circus.
We have laughed heartily over the following ludicrous story, and would not deprive our readers of the same enjoyment:
"A number of years ago, when Michigan was a new country, in Livingston county, there lived a family by the name of Clayton, and one called Perkins also, as well as a great many others.
Pete Clayton was a tall fine looking fellow—noble specimen of our back woodsman—standing six feet two in his stockings.
Pete had taken a shine to Miss Sally Perkins, and it was known in fact that they were engaged, but the day when the knot was to be tied had not yet been divulged.
In the month of August, 1848, June's circus came through that town for the first time, and in fact it was the first circus that had ever passed that way, and there were a great many people who had never seen one. When the important day had arrived, the town was filled with a crowd, with a motley crowd of men, and every young fellow had his hat on. Now Pete wanted to get married on the coming Christmas, but Sally wished to have it put off until the next spring. When the ticket wagon was opened, the tent was filled in a hurry.
Pete and Sally had been looking through the side shows, and were late getting in, and the performance had already commenced. They walked around the entire ring, trying to find a seat, and although they could seat two thousand people, every seat was full.
"Never mind," said Sal, "I'll just as lief stand up."
But the gallant Pete could not think of it, and said:
"Wait a minute, I'll get you a chair," and he started, leaving Sal standing alone.
Just at that moment the clown came in, dressed in his usual costume, and dancing around the ring, stopped right in front of Sal and began to sing—
"Oh, Sally is the girl for me."
This caused Sally to blush, for she thought the clown was looking at her. As she stood near the ring, of course she had the view of those lovely cheeks behind her, and as usual on such occasions, the clown cracks his jokes at the offenders until they take the hint and a seat, but she said she had rather stand up. At this clown commenced his jokes, remarking to the ring master:
"There's a chance for me now."
"A chance for you?"
"Yes; don't you see that girl has lost her seat, and she is looking at me I know," and turning three or four somersaults, he stopped directly in front of Sal and began to sing:
"Oh, Sally is the girl for me."
I would not have any other,
And if I said I did to-night,
I'd marry Sally's mother."
This was evidently meant for her; it raised Sally's dander, and she burst out with—
"You gal for you, I? Marry my mother, would you? You low lived spotted seum of the earth! If my father was here he would wallop you for that! I wouldn't stay here another minute—nor neither would any decent people, either!" Saying which she rushed out of the tent, amid deafening roars of laughter.
The clown, assuming a comical attitude, remarked to the ring master, that his grandfater was a remarkable man, and so was his grandmother, too, but that gal beat his grandfater.
At this juncture Pete rushed in, closely followed by Sal, and jumping into the ring he squared off at the clown and said:
"I'll teach you to insult any female under my charge!" and let fly at his opponent, taking him plump in the face and sending him to another world, at which he jumped on him and commenced kicking him unmercifully—Sally, who was standing on the outside of the ring, clasped her hands and sang out, "that's it Pete, give him Jessie, and we'll get married Christmas, sure!"
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A BRAVE KENTUCKIAN.
A Kentucky Student at Heidelberg Saves a Life and Wins a Wife.
At the gala regatta of the South German Boating Association at Mannheim, in Baden, on the 12th of June, there took place an event which secured considerable interest on American gallantry, and which ended in a most romantic manner. On the above mentioned day the banks of the Rhine were lined with spectators, among which the South German aristocracy was fully represented. Just as the crews of four boating societies were speeding past the last pillar of the new bridge, a thrilling spectacle attracted all eyes. A handsome young lady, most elegantly dressed, and who had been leaning over the low railing of the bridge, suddenly lost her balance and fell into the water, which was at least seventy-five feet underneath. Two or three heart-rending shrieks burst from the lips of those standing near, and the thousands of spectators, losing all interest in the race, looked with breathless suspense for the result of the terrible accident. The poor young lady struck the water heavily, and disappeared at once. The Rhine at that place is deep and rapid, and when the aged father of the unfortunate lady, in a voice of agonizing grief, offered a princely reward to whoever would save his daughter, there was no response.
All at once a tall young man, in the costume of a student, and wearing a gold embroidered cap of the Vandal society, of Heidelberg, rushed to the left bank of the river and plunged boldly into the water—a leap of thirty feet. There was a loud shout of applause, and then again a pause of breathless silence. All eyes were riveted on the gallant swimmer as he struggled against the rapid current at the very spot where the lady disappeared. He dived down. What a minute of suspense. But all at once a heavy burden fell from all those oppressed hearts. The swimmer emerged from the depth, on his arm held the senseless body of the young lady. Another shout of applause rang the welkin. Now the boats rowed rapidly toward the pair, and they did not come too soon, for the young swimmer was badly growing tired, when he, with his fair burden, was drawn into the boat, he sank down with utter exhaustion. When the boat reached the left bank, the young hero was at once the object of a fervent ovation, while the young woman's father took the latter in his arms and carried her, still in an unconscious state, into a carriage.
The young hero was a Kentuckian, named Clarence Goodwin, a law student at the University of Heidelberg. The oldest and most experienced fisherman on the Rhine pronounced his exploit a truly heroic deed, and already on the following morning the Grand Duke of Baden conferred on young Goodwin, who is only nineteen years old, the large golden medal for deeds of courage and devotion. But still a greater reward awaited him. The young lady, whose life he had saved, and who, notwithstanding the terrible shock she had suffered, had soon revived, was the only daughter of the Count of Rieger, one of the wealthiest South German noblemen. Her father went himself to the savior of his daughter, and after thanking him in the most touching manner, brought him to the young Countess. The latter thanked young Goodwin with tears in her eyes, and said that her life-long gratitude belonged to him. During the next few days the two were seen frequently together on the public promenade, and everybody in Mannheim believes that they are engaged to be married.

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[From the Union and American.]
A gentleman who has just returned from a trip over the Memphis and Little Rock railroad, has presented us with a diary he kept of the journey out from Memphis. It runs thus:
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Five miles out. Here we have thirty-seven and a half (37 1/2) feet of good track. The train is stopped, and the cow-catcher removed from the front to which he jumped on him and commenced kicking him unmercifully—Sally, who was standing on the outside of the ring, clasped her hands and sang out, "that's it Pete, give him Jessie, and we'll get married Christmas, sure!"
At this moment the ring master and three or four others caught Pete and commenced thrashing him, when Pete's friends interposed, and a general free fight ensued, which completely broke up the circus.
True to her promise, when "next Christmas" arrived, Sal was prepared to link her fate and fortune with Pete, and in the presence of a crowd of admiring friends they were made one in wedlock.
Though the scrimmage at the show increased their affection and hastened the wedding, Sal never saw a clown, but she thinks of the "spotted seum of the earth" who attempted to make love to her at the circus, in her feller's temporary absence, and causes her to feel as though she would like to make "tally" marks with a cowhide across their stripes.

The Habit of Reading.
"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are so varied, and prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they can not devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they can not read anything. It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. These we devour in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read.
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